

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
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School Record

July, 1944.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No 78.

JULY, 1944.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

J. PLESTERS, K. WILSON, D. JONES, JOAN HORSEMAN, S. STALLARD,
SHARP, EADIE I.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

During the past few years the number of postal subscribers to the Record has greatly increased, and many of these subscribers are failing to pay for their magazines without several reminders. Under war-time conditions it has become impossible to deal with the large amount of clerical work involved. We have therefore, after considerable hesitation, decided that we cannot continue to supply any magazines by post after the present issue without prepayment. With postal copies this term a statement of each subscriber's account is enclosed, and in future a notice will be sent with the last postal copy which his credit balance pays for. We appeal therefore to all those who are in debt to the magazine committee to settle at once and to send along their advance subscriptions. Henceforward the subscription will be 2s. 3d. post free per annum, or 10d. post free per single copy.

Notes and News.

The Summer Term began on Wednesday, April 26th.

Yapp is head boy this term, and Eadie i has been made a prefect.

On Thursday, March 30th a "Pay As You Earn" lecture was given to senior pupils.

A Dr. Barnado lecture was given to forms up to the Lower Fourth, on Friday, March 24th.

At the closing assembly last term, football colours were handed to Mortimer, Ore, Drinkwater i and Toye.

During the absence of Miss Evans for several weeks in the second half of the Spring Term, her classes were taken by Mr. R. Pringsheim, who was also a member of the Staff for the first half of the present term, to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Miss F. M. Williams. Miss E. Jackson has taken charge of the girls' physical training since half term.

At the end of this term we are losing Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Glover, Miss Secker and Miss Crapp, whom we wish success in their new appointments.

Our best wishes are extended to Miss E. M. Philips and Miss K. M. Secker on the occasion of their weddings in the summer holidays.

On Wednesday, May 24th, the Upper Fifth, with Miss Secker and Mr. Druller, visited Stratford-on-Avon to attend a performance of "Richard the Second."

School was closed on Whit Monday and Tuesday, May 29th and 30th, and half term holiday was taken on Friday, June 9th.

On Friday, June 2nd, Mr. Francis, Midland Regional Education Officer for the B.B.C., visited the school to listen with the Sixth Form to a talk on Abraham Lincoln in the series, "Leadership and Liberty."

Sports Day was Thursday, June 8th.

Books have been presented to the library by Mrs. H. G. Hunt and Diana Hunt.

B. Adams has received her tennis colours for the second time.

Joyce Plesters has been awarded a scholarship in Social Science at King's College, London.

As a result of the Junk Sale, Raffle, Sale of Programmes, etc., on Sports Day, a cheque for £60 was sent to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

The Oxford examinations began on July 3rd.

Five senior girls attended a French course at Harrogate for one week during the Easter holidays.

The German oral examinations took place on May 19th, the examiner being Mr. Baier; and on May 22nd Dr. Ritchie conducted the French orals.

Some weeks ago a pile of stone suddenly appeared at the side of the football field. Though no use has so far been made of it we still have hopes that it may indicate an early start on the new canteen.

Term ends on Tuesday, July 25th.

School Register.

Valete.

*Stewart, J.M. (VI), 1936-44.	Williams, B. F. (Low. IVb), 1940-44.
Beachus, J.L. (Upp. V), 1939-44.	Spencer, . V. (iiia), 1943-44.
Sainsbury, C.M. (Upp. V), 1938-44.	Oliver, K. M. (iiib), 1943-44.
Gantner, T. H. (Low. Va), 1940-44.	Gardner D. F. (Upp. Rem.), 1941-44.
Devey, C. J. (Low. Vb), 1940-44.	Clarke, J. W. (Low. Rem.), 1942-44.
Butler, P. F. (Upp. IVb), 1942-44.	Elvins, B. E. (ii), 1941-44.
James, P. B. (Low. IVa), 1941-44.	

*Prefect.

Salve.

Crompton, R. W. (Low. Rem.)

Old Scholars' News.

The School sends its greetings to all Old Scholars, not forgetting those serving with the Forces, and particularly those at present overseas. News continues to reach us of an increasing number of Old Scholars receiving the Record in the various theatres of war and much appreciating the contact they can thus maintain with A.G.S.

L.A.C. J. R. Whitehouse, writing to Mr. Caton, says that he likes Canada very much, and has become an ardent ice hockey "fan," travelling many miles to see first-class matches.

W. G. Hunt, who trained in South Africa, passed out top of his course, and is now a P/O Navigator, serving somewhere in the Middle East.

H. G. Orme in Italy is clearly making the most of his opportunities for sight-seeing. He writes that he has climbed Vesuvius, visited and inspected the ruins of Pompeii, been round the Isle of Capri, and stood on the hills overlooking the Bay of Naples.

H. Burdett, also in Italy, writes that his gun was the first to enter Naples. As the crew passed through a village the night before reaching the city, they could not see the gun for the flowers placed upon it by the villagers.

S. K. Walker is on the Burma front. In the intervals of rest he is helping in the training of a baby elephant, which was captured from a wild herd and which has been adopted as a pet by his unit.

R. J. Hunt, on a recent visit to school, told us tales of his visits to—among other places—the Mediterranean, Iceland, North and South America. In New York he met D. C. Goode and they went together to the Apprentices' Club. He has experienced dive-bombing while in a tanker in the Atlantic.

We regret to announce that E. H. Portman, who recently obtained a commission in the Fleet Air Arm, is reported missing, believed killed, in a flying accident in Canada.

R. G. Savage, who is an R.A.F. Commando attached to the Canadians, is in France.

K. A. Woods is now in Italy.

H. E. Yates writes from Ceylon, where he is in the Artillery.

J. A. Findon, who is in the R.A.F., is in Canada.

P. E. Wheeler is in India.

C. H. Bryan was recently serving on a cruiser in home waters.

G. T. Collins has now obtained his commission in the R.A.F.

A. D. Collins has been on service in the Mediterranean.

J. R. Midlane is now a Sergeant-Pilot in the R.A.F.

Among others not hitherto mentioned as having joined the Forces are A. G. Ore, who is in the Fleet Air Arm, and D. W. Smith, in the R.A.F., training as flight-engineer.

Primrose Bailey is now a member of the Land Army.

Sergeant G. H. Figures (R.A.F.) has been invalided off flying duties, and is now employed on instructional duties on wireless on the ground.

K. B. Bailey is home from the Mediterranean.

Vera Wickett (née Wood) is busily occupied with her singing. In addition to appearing in Sunday concerts organised by C.E.M.A., she has, under the professional name of Jane Douglas (we trust we are giving away no secret) done lighter work for the B.B.C. In July she is achieving an ambition by joining the cast of a new musical play in the West End.

Last term Miss C. Powell paid the school a short visit.

We are pleased to learn that F. Rook is somewhat better, after his very serious illness.

Eileen Wood, now 2nd Subaltern, A.T.S./E.F.I., is going overseas to work for N.A.A.F.I.

Congratulations to R. W. Spencer, who has passed his final doctor's examinations, with a distinction in surgery.

Pat Carman, who is at Harrod's Library, visited school recently. She seemed little concerned about the threat of the pilotless plane, and related how she had stood one night at her bedroom window and watched one go by.

Nancy Barton is now a Leading Wren.

We regret an error in our last issue. Sheila Careless is studying Domestic Science at Gloucester (not at Cheltenham).

Births.

On February 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Ledbury (née Rosamond Walker)—a daughter.

On March 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Burton Watkins (née Daisy Ison)—a daughter.

On March 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Grummett (née Muriel Smith)—a daughter.

On April 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Daffern (née Hilda Ankorn)—a daughter.

On May 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Finnémöre (née Mary Bullock)—a daughter.

On May 8th, to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Banks (née Barbara Wells)—a son.

On June 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. O. Jackson—a daughter.

Marriages.

On March 4th, at Stewkley, F/Sergeant F. T. Bradley (scholar 1928-30) to Barbara Dickens.

On June 11th, at Studley, Cornelius George Corbett (scholar 1924-31) to Catherine Mary Palmer.

Give us this day.

Bread delivering came as a breath-taking change from life in the Sixth Form. It took some time for me to adjust my mind from Shelley's lyrical ideals to loaves at fourpence half-penny each, but after a great effort on my part and an even greater patience on the part of the customers, I am steadily reaching a more balanced view of life.

At first I continually rushed off with only half my load on, stood helpless when the van came to rest on a six-inch nail, left pound notes on people's tables, and more than once became so engrossed in conversation with the customer that I eventually wandered off without leaving any bread. But these weaknesses are gradually being conquered and there are hopes that in five or ten years I may develop into a really "efficient business woman."

The baking trade in war-time cultivates many vices. Owing to the shortage of cakes Mr. B., our other deliverer, and I are deadly rivals, and we employ all sorts of underhand devices in order to obtain or smuggle away cakes for our own particular customers. Arriving early, I find Mr. B. surreptitiously stowing four of my round cakes underneath his buns, and in the ensuing argument he accuses me of deliberately taking all his little cakes the day before, and says that I have too many cakes in proportion to the bread I sell anyway. Whereupon I work out the problem with a little one-sided arithmetic, and demand two extra cakes from him.

The things I like best about delivering are the variety, the continual movement, and the constant change of faces and interests. Mrs. C. has just whitewashed her pantry and asks me to inspect it. Mrs. F. takes me to see her rockery; young John shows me his rabbits; Miss N. lends me "Jane Eyre"; Mr. M. tells me all about his military service; Mr. T. shows me his bee-hives and presents me with a wasp's nest; while at "Sundown" a new baby has put in an appearance, and I am ushered up to see it and compare it with the six other recent arrivals I know. The main sideline is giving rides to children, and it is often a problem to compress three exuberant little boys—who will assist my efforts to drive—two wireless batteries, a lettuce and a bunch of flowers onto the front seat.

Driving itself is interesting. After I had mastered day driving it was quite an adventure to drive in the fog and black-out, though after six months of it, no one was more thankful than I for the light evenings. Inside the van one hopes for the best and expects the worse. I shall never forget Christmas Eve, when forty Christmas cakes collapsed into sixty hot sandwich loaves. On normal days a sudden jerk is liable to produce a shower of buns and pastries, and once I suffered the embarrassment of searching in my pocket for a handkerchief and pulling out a queen cake.

On occasions I spend a day in the bakehouse, and spend fascinating hours plunging thermometers into flour and buckets of water; in mastering the art of moulding; in floundering elbow-deep in gallons of cake mixture; in vainly trying to introduce rum essence in place of the more conservative lemon. The bakehouse is also the discussion house where military events, post-war planning, horses, diseases and everything under the sun are discussed. The latest excitement there is being besieged by hordes of black Americans who evidently have sweet teeth. There was some little consternation when one of them marched up to a large wedding cake and said, "I'll have this."

Here, like everywhere else, the Invasion Day was one of suspense and tension. Wherever one went nothing else was spoken of. And now that those whose jobs we are carrying on are actually involved in what we hope will be the final struggle, our desire to give them spiritual support finds expression in an even greater devotion to their work. The final pleasure will come on the day that we hand back to them their jobs unimpaired.

D.A.S.

My Garden.

In my garden, there are growing,
Many flow'rs sprung from my sowing,
Pinks and roses, love-in-the-mist,
These are the flow'rs which the sun hath kissed.

Tall hollyhocks and sunflowers,
Grow just by my shady bowers,
Stately lilies and dainty stocks,
Find a place in my garden plots.

BARBARA H. PERKINS (Lower IVa).

Knitting.

"Knit one, purl one and slip one too."
This is very hard for a little girl to do.
Although she tries so very hard it's all in vain,
Knitting never will come right for Betsy Jane.

She's got to knit a coat and hat for Lucy Bear,
And the new baby doll's got nothing to wear.
Perhaps if she takes it out and starts again,
Knitting will come right, this time, for Betsy Jane.

Now she comes to think of it she has a lot to do;
The dolls to feed and take outside (the sky's a lovely blue).
The dolls that haven't any clothes in the doll's house must
 remain,
Until that knitting come out right for Betsy Jane.

RUTH DIXON (Lower Vb).

"D" Day.

The bell rings. In the corridor the double lines form. A galaxy of colour greets the eye: red and yellow, green and brown, blue and white; bows, streamers, rosettes of every shape and shade. Nothing is of any importance now except the colours of one's ribbon. . . .

To all who know A.G.S. this is a familiar scene and youngest and oldest will know that once again the beginning of June has come with all its attendant ritual—hurdle posts to be knocked in, evenings of furious sewing, and among the junior members of the school, hoarse battles.

The morning of the sixth of June, nineteen forty-four was no exception to the rule for mornings thus close to Sports Day. Indeed the commotion was even added to by the innovation of a junk stall. Mysterious looking bundles were constantly arriving at school and the prime interest of the day was to get one's name written down for some article or another.

About dinner-time, however, school matters began to be thrown into another perspective. A few minutes after one o'clock a breathless boy bursts into the Sixth Form room with the news that the Allies had landed in Norway! Another prefect remains behind in the kitchen to hear the

rest of the bulletin. So it happened that a complete Scandinavian invasion was worked out in great detail by the fireside fusiliers of the upper school—with a little help from a few professionally interested Army Cadets.

Alas for their plans! At the usual time people begin to arrive back from the town and smaller inaccuracies became the order of the day. The place of invasion having been corrected, the news that forty thousand battleships with thousands of smaller vessels were now crossing the Channel was passed round. Obviously there was only one thing to do on such a day and that was to listen to the news ourselves. At two o'clock, therefore, a crowd of anxious people gathered round the loudspeaker in the history room while the announcer in the General Forces programme told in clear and brief outline of the European operations which had begun the night before.

The effect of the news on the junk stall was similar to that on the Stock Exchange. Prices immediately soared, and a few patriots were in favour of revising the whole system of marking. But on such a day work called—to some to finish Sports Day preparations, to others to accompany "the warlike Harry" to a battle ground once more our own. Surely never was more superfluous the appeal of the chorus to "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

K. M. WILSON (VI).

The Adventures of Bunny Hobtail.

Little bunny hobtail
Went a walk one day,
Up hill and down dale,
Frisking on his way.

Never backwards did he look,
On and on he sped;
Then beside a flowing brook,
He spied a cabbage bed.

Chewing, nibbling, such great fun,
When he heard a shout;
But all that he could do was run,
Skip, and hop about.

GWEN KNIGHT (IIIa).

The 'Little Ships' Return.

June, 1940—Dunkirk, a terrible thought; tired, weary men, still invincible and determined to beat the Hun.

The little boats had helped them return once more to England, to be trained more fully and re-equipped, so that the second time they would ensure a firm foothold in France, not be pushed out again.

Many other gallant little craft, which for four years had been serving their country faithfully by bringing in such essential food as fish, had again been commandeered for war service. When they had been reinforced and equipped properly they were kept at anchor until the great day.

June, 1944—"D" Day, just the opposite of a terrible thought. Men, some from Dunkirk, eager to get at the Hun and give them Dunkirk, so eager that they had to be held down; no need to brighten their spirits.

Early in the morning, when we lay safely in bed, our brave men set sail to conquer and liberate, each one with the same determination—to conquer the Hun.

In this way the journey began, the ships in endless convoy, the occupants gazed above and were able to see the red and green navigation lights of Allied 'planes. What a satisfaction to know they were 'ours,' and feel they were safe as far as air attack was concerned; so different from Dunkirk, when glances at the sky were fearful ones, and glances cast this time were glances of satisfaction. As the boats sailed on, the sea became more choppy and the little boats tossed about on the wild ocean, which they knew concealed danger near the French coast.

Let us select one ship out of the thousands and choose three men out of the passengers.

Bill, from London (he was a van driver before the war, delivering bread).

"Good morning Mrs. Green. How many to-day"? and now,

"Good morning Mr. Hun. You take what you get."

Jock came from Scotland and had been a paper-hanger and painter in pre-war days, and was most indignant when he was told that the 'Heil Hitler' sign was derived from his occupation. Jock, like most Scots, was tough and hard to beat.

Paddy from Ireland had real Irish blood in his veins. Strong and tall, he was determined to avenge his brother's death, who had been killed at Dunkirk.

When they were accustomed to the tossing of the boat on the sea Bill pulled out a pack of playing cards from his pockets.

"Have a game"? he inquired.

"Sure, I'll play wi'ye," replied Jock, with a true Scottish accent.

They played for a while before anyone else ventured to ask if they might play, and soon they were enjoying a pleasant game of cards that might have taken place in any London club.

"Better put them away now," the captain said quietly.

"Ay, Ay, Sir," they replied, and hastily hid them from view.

They were getting nearer, nearer, and still nearer. The journey was more difficult now owing to minefields hidden in the depth of the sea.

After much difficulty they had completed their journey, not one man seasick, and not one afraid, as their journey came to a close. Orders were given and obeyed almost simultaneously.

The men had landed, and the little ship returned to take another eager crowd to meet and vanquish the foe.

S. M. STALLARD (Lower Va).

Travelling in Wartime.

If anyone tells you that Fridays are unlucky, don't believe them. It was on a Friday that I received the magic letter requesting me to attend at Sheffield University for an interview. I travelled to Birmingham on Monday morning, and there I had to cross from Moor Street to New Street. The route lay across the Bull Ring

and up a very small street to the left of the Market Hall. The street was very narrow and completely blocked with lorries. There were also crowds of men scurrying around in all directions, and pushing boxes of frozen fish on little ladders with wheels at the bottom. These novel contrivances I am informed are known by the intriguing title of "sack carts." However, they were very heavy and cumbersome, and it was extremely difficult to avoid being run over.

On arriving at New Street Station I was overjoyed to see that I was in plenty of time and should stand a very good chance of getting a seat. I planted myself very firmly on the extreme edge of the platform and prepared to wait. By the time the train was due the platform was seething with people, but by the time it finally arrived the people were no longer seething; there just wasn't room. One wondered what all the extra people would have done had the train been punctual. Perhaps they were better acquainted with the eccentricities of trains in war-time than I was, for they surely must have known it would be late. As the train slowly and noisily steamed into the station I picked up my case with a grateful sigh and prepared to settle down into a nice comfortable carriage. But to my dismay the carriages were built on the "corridor" system, so that there were only two doors, one at either end of the carriage. The train stopped so that I was equally far away from either door. When my handbag, my suitcase, my umbrella and myself did finally get aboard the train we were wedged tightly in the corridor in between four very tired soldiers. I was very sorry for them, as I imagine by their advanced state of drowsiness that they must have been travelling all night, and I deduced from their accents that they had much further to go than I had. They were, however, very boring company. It is true that after about an hour one of them did rouse himself sufficiently to ascertain that we had just passed Burton, but this promising state of affairs did not last for long as he promptly went to sleep again.

At Chesterfield there was a general exodus, and I obtained a very comfortable seat in a first-class carriage. I settled myself into the "armchair seat" and took a mental inventory of my fellow passengers. If I had hoped for someone interesting to talk to I was doomed to disappointment. I had a corner seat and sitting opposite me there was an

Army captain who was fast asleep. The seat next to him was empty and in the other corner was a civilian deeply immersed in his daily paper. My next door neighbour was an Army major, who was also asleep. The last occupant of the carriage was a very fat nurse who slept and read alternately. For a while I contented myself with looking out of the window, but it persistently clouded over and I eventually became tired of wiping it clear. Then I made up some games to amuse myself. First of all I tried to estimate how many times to the minute the civilian in the opposite corner blinked his eyes. I soon had to abandon this pastime, however, out of sheer pity for him, for he was becoming more than a little disconcerted by my concentrated gaze. The next diversion I tried was to count the number of buttons I could see. This also was very quickly abandoned. It was a most unsatisfactory game, for unless I was to cheat I had to include all the occupants of the carriage and I daren't for the life of me lean forward to count the number of buttons on the nurse's coat.

I was by now getting very hungry and my thoughts turned to the sandwiches in my case. But to get at them I had to stand up and bring my case down from the rack, and I was so overcome by the atmosphere of the carriage that I was almost incapable of movement. I felt like a mischievous child who is contemplating shouting in church. By a supreme effort I stood up and lifted down my case. To my astonishment no one took the slightest notice and no one woke up. I think I must have become a little light-headed with excitement, for while eating my lunch I found myself idly speculating as to what would happen if I woke the major up and offered him a Spam sandwich. I obviously could not allow myself the luxury of such flippant thoughts and after giving myself a severe mental shake I continued my meal in a more normal frame of mind.

Just before the train arrived at Sheffield the civilian in the corner recovered from his former embarrassment and offered me his newspaper. I was half-way through the West Derbyshire bye-election when the train pulled into Sheffield station. I tried to persuade myself that I had been bored with my four-hour journey, but it was with real regret that I left the train. I had in reality quite enjoyed myself.

MARY GOODALL (VI).

Olla Podrida.

Upper V tell us that the Shakespeare play they are studying is "Dickie the Tooth."

"Les petits chiens dressés tout exprès à ce jeu de chats" has been translated "little dogs dressed up especially for this cats' game."

R.J.P. states that the Marx Brothers were Karl Marx and his lesser-known brother.

J.E.V. informs us that the butcher sent round a small piece of stake. The skewer, we suppose!

J.C.I. very much wants to see Shakespeare's "Apollo, the Moor of Venice."

"Fluctus . . . posterior nono est undecimoque prior" according to K.M.W., means "afterwards there were nine waves, before there were eleven." We presume the other two were washed away.

Transmutation of the elements by a member of the Sixth: $H_2 + I_2 = 2KI$.

Sports Day, 1944.

The thirty-first annual Sports Day gathering commenced at 1.30 p.m. on Thursday, June 8th, the early start being necessitated by 'bus services. The weather was not too good from the point of view of the large number of spectators who assembled, as there were occasional flurries of rain, but the competitors were undeterred and some exciting races were witnessed. The tug of war between Tomtits and Jackals proved so gruelling for the teams that the deciding pull was postponed for half-an-hour. Once again the relay race was strongly contested and caused much excitement amongst competitors and spectators alike.

As the events drew near to an end a short tennis display was given by the school team, and following this Miss Sylvia Atkinson's dancing pupils presented a short programme in costume.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Thornton for his organisation of the sports and for starting the events. We also thank the steward and the judges and others who helped to make the day a success.

The medals, cup and shields were presented by Mr. G. H. Hopkins, High Bailiff of Alcester, who was the first winner of the Victor Ludorum Cup, when it was presented by the ladies of Alcester in 1907. The sports shield went to the Brownies, and Hillman secured the cup for the second year running. Once again savings stamps were presented in lieu of medals. After a vote of thanks to Mr. Hopkins the proceedings closed with the school song and the National Anthem.

The results were as follows:—

SENIORS (over 14).

100 Yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Toye, 3 Mortimer, 4 Cook.
 220 Yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Toye, 3 Lucas, 4 Ore.
 440 yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Toye, 3 Gray ii, 4 Mortimer.
 Half-Mile.—1 Gray ii, 2 Sharp, 3 Pace i, 4 Toye.
 Hurdles.—1 Cook, 2 Hillman, 3 Stone i, 4 Sharp.
 Slow Bicycle.—1 Cale, 2 Moizer, 3 Hillman, 4 Budden.
 Obstacle.—1 Cook, 2 Hadwen ii, 3 Cale, 4 Gray ii.
 High Jump.—1 Gray ii, 2 Hillman, 3 Pace i, 4 Cook.
 Cross Country.—1 Gray ii, 2 McCarthy ii, 3 Sharp, 4 Clark i.
 The Mile.—1 Sharp, 2 Gray ii, 3 McCarthy i, 4 Toye.
 Long Jump.—1 Hillman, 2 Cook, 3 Toye, 4 Budden.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Toye, 2 Hillman, 3 Cook, 4 Stone i.

JUNIORS (12—14).

100 Yards.—1 Welch, 2 Williams i, 3 Cassell, 4 Woodfield.
 220 Yards.—1 Welch, 2 Williams i, 3 Harris ii, 4 Davies i.
 Half-Mile.—1 Cassell, 2 Harris ii, 3 Haines v, 4 Pace ii.
 Hurdles.—1 Welch, 2 Woodfield, 3 Brookes, 4 Gittus.
 Obstacle.—1 Savage, 2 Cassell, 3 Welch, 4 Drinkwater ii.
 Slow Bicycle.—1 Adkins i, 2 Williams i, 3 Gittus, 4 Harris ii.
 High Jump.—1 Haines v, 2 Woodfield, 3 Pace ii.
 Cross Country.—1 Pace ii, 2 Harris ii, 3 Davies i, 4 Rannister.
 Long Jump.—1 Welch, 2 Cassell, 3 Gittus, 4 Harris ii.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Woodfield, 2 Cassell, 3 Richardson, 4 Gittus.

JUNIORS (under 12).

100 Yards.—1 Bayliss ii, 2 Marshall, 3 Goddard, 4 Hadwen iii.
Obstacle.—1 Adkins ii, 2 Hadwen iii, 3 Heard, 4 McKewan.
Egg and Spoon.—1 Heard, 2 Emery, 3 Montgomery, 4 Adkins ii.
Sack Race.—1 Burden, 2 Emery, 3 Hadwen iii, 4 Adkins ii.
50 Yards (Form ii).—1 Stone ii, 2 Harris iii, 3 Terry ii, 4 J. Allbregt.

Three-Legged Race.—1 Burden and Montgomery, 2 Feast and Seccombe, 3 Hadwen iii and Perryman, 4 Yeomans ii and Young.
Skipping Race (Girls).—1 C. James, 2 J. Kinnersley, 3 P. Aspinwall, 4 A. Weaver.

50 Yards.—1 Hitchings, 2 Emery, 3 Yeomans ii, 4 Darby.
Relay Race (Remove).—1 Jackals, 2 Tomtits.

OTHER EVENTS.

Tug-of-War.—Tomtits beat Jackals.

Relay Race.—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

The following presentations were made:—

Victor Ludorum Cup.—Hillman (76 points).

Silver Medals.—Sharp, Toye, Gray ii, Cook, Welch, Pace ii, Cassell.

Bronze Medals.—McCarthy ii, Harris ii, Haines v, Williams i, Baylis ii, Woodfield.

Sports Shield.—Brownies (353 points). Jackals scored 323 points, and Tomtits 299 points.

J.V.S.

Sports Day Indu rs.

The Arts and Crafts exhibition was again the cause of great interest to visitors, especially as now it is becoming more and more difficult to obtain suitable materials. The number of historical dolls and models was even smaller than last year, but many of these were of a high standard. Models of ships and aeroplanes continue to be of great appeal to many boys, and there were several outstanding models in these classes.

In the Art Room there was a very interesting display of posters, illustrations and silhouettes; this year, also, the soap sculpture competition was revived, for which many various models were produced. Examples of craftwork by members of Preparatory Forms were also exhibited.

The Junk Stall, the proceeds from which were given to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund, excited much interest

and generosity among members of the school, who unfortunately left only a few small articles and several books for the visitors to buy in the afternoon. It is felt that this was a very worthy effort, and we would like to express our thanks to Miss Evans for so ably organising it.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Tomtits with 1,872 points; the Jackals were second with 1,828 points; and the Brownies were third with 1,512 points.

The trophy, awarded by Miss Evans, was won by B. Mitchell with 272 points, while the following received medals:—

Silver Medals.—Seniors: B. Mitchell (272), M. Goodall (236), K. Wilson (158), J. Plesters (141), S. Rymell (125), S. Stallard (118), M. Layton (116), E. Rose (108), J. Steele (103), A. Villers (102). Junior: S. Goulbourne (155).

Bronze Medals.—Senior: S. Summerhill (91), V. Sharp (87), J. Walker (84), N. Buller (81). Junior: B. Wadams (83), K. Hodges (72), B. Perkins (70), V. Smith (70), S. Shore (70), M. Rowland (69), C. Hartwell (65), A. Rogers (61), A. McKewan (56), B. Druller (55), J. Lane (55).

E.M.A.

The School Shields.

We have been asked to include once again details of the winners of the shields, for the benefit of those who did not have a copy of the Record of July, 1943.

The first award of a Sports Shield was made in 1913. The winning sides have been as follows:—

BROWNIES (11 times): 1913, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944.

JACKALS (10 times): 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1923, 1924, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1937.

TOMTITS (11 times): 1918, 1919, 1926, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1940.

The first award of an Arts and Crafts Shield was made in 1916. It has been won by the Sides as follows:—

BROWNIES (13 times): 1916, 1917, 1918, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1929, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943.

JACKALS (5 times): 1930, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1940.

TOMTITS (11 times): 1919, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1944.

Both shields have been won in the same year by:—

BROWNIES (8 times): 1920, 1921, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943.

JACKALS (once): 1937.

TOMTITS (6 times): 1919, 1926, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

The Gentle Art of Concentrating.

It is almost two o'clock on a beautiful hot summer's afternoon; so, deciding to work hard at revision, for the time of the examinations is approaching rapidly, I take my books and a deck chair out into the garden. I settle in my chair, gradually sliding down until I reach a comfortable but entirely graceless position, and open my book. I soon discover however that the sun is much too bright to read, and I ponder this problem for several minutes. Then, "sunglasses" flashing across my mind, I put down my book and uncurl from out of my chair. When I get into the house I turn out several drawers where the sun glasses might be lurking from last year, before I remember that I sat on them and broke them last summer holidays, and they have never been mended. I go disconsolately towards the door when my eye comes to rest on the family sweet ration which has just arrived with the groceries. Now this is really interesting. I must spare a moment to investigate. I rummage in several paper bags to get a representative selection before I pass judgment on the grocer, then I return to the garden. Since I am minus sun glasses. I am forced to move my chair to a shady spot. I settle down once more and gaze fixedly at my book. I read "Phosphorus is not found free in nature," and I say it to myself half-a-dozen times, because it has a lovely tongue-twisting effect and it might come in useful anyhow. Then I turn over the page to see if there are any passages I might safely omit. Suddenly it occurs to me that I am very stiff and uncomfortable. Is this chair made of iron? I rise with difficulty and stagger off to the house again and come back armed with three cushions. These I distribute carefully at appropriate points in my chair and sit down again. I learn solidly for ten minutes. My eyes ache with the strain. I yawn and look up. The sun has gone in. It is hidden by a lovely blue-grey cotton-wool cloud with a beautiful silver lining. This fires my imagination to wild flights of fancy. I must wait till it passes. There may never

be another cloud like this again. But there are others, a whole string of them, a gorgeous procession of cloud phantoms each more beautiful than the last. I lie back in a delicious ecstasy of idleness. Then the sun comes out and I have to shut my eyes.

I am awakened by a voice calling me to come in for tea. I look at my watch. Five o'clock! I had a lovely dream, if only I could remember it. It was probably about tea, though. I pick up my books and cushions and go towards the house, and my face lights up with a seraphic smile as I remember the concert on the wireless I promised myself after I had done my three hours' revision.

R. J. PLESTERS (VI).

Song of the Present

Patches new and old,
Patches green and gold,
Patches of all hues,
Patches on your shoes,
Patches on your backs,
Patches on your macks,
Patches on the frocks,
Patches on the socks,
Patches on the chair,
Patches Everywhere.

No Coupons.

SUZANNE VEREKER (IIIb).

Summer

Summer has come with beautiful flowers;
We play among them for hours and hours.
The big bees hum us a tune each day,
As we ramble about and play in the hay.

Roses white and pink and red,
Are blooming in the flower bed;
And up against the garden wall,
The foxgloves stand up straight and tall.

The tall and stately poplar trees
Are swaying gently in the breeze;
The little birds are beginning to sing,
For the sun is shining on everything.

ANNETTE SLAUGHTER (IIIa).

A Fairy Dream

I strayed into a Fairy Wood,
And in a hollow oak I stood.
A Fairy caught me by the hair,
And asked what I was doing there.

She took me to an Elfin Grot,
And there I saw a Fairy Plot.
In the middle a Fairy Ring,
And the Fairy Folk a-dancing.

No lovelier sight I've ever seen,
Than the Fairies dance before their Queen.
Then I woke before a fire agleam,
To find 'twas but a lovely dream.

JOAN SAVAGE (Lower IVb).

It can't happen here

One stormy winter's evening young William Jones shut the last text-book with a sigh of relief, glanced at the clock whose hands pointed to eight-thirty, and settled himself comfortably with a detective novel in an armchair. His mother looked over her usual barricade of mending with the reproachful remark, "I thought you said that you would have to finish your magazine article tonight William." "Bother it," said William, "Well, as it is getting late I had better turn one out after the usual pattern. After all, we have not had one like it for two terms." He returned to his comfortless chair at the table, dipped his pen in the ink, lowered his face within six inches of the paper, allowed the tip of his tongue to protrude from the corner of his mouth and, all these essentials to English composition being completed, started by describing how, above the howling of the wind and the creaking of old timbers in the gale, certain mysterious small noises made themselves audible. William then had to decide which of the well worn gambits he could use. Should he sit up in bed with bulging eyes and watch the doorknob slowly turn? (Big brother come to bed).

Should he shudder with horror as he watched a menacing figure steal towards him while the fitful gleam of the moon flashed upon an upraised weapon? (Father with his bicycle pump).

Should he be woken by a crash and rivet his gaze upon a dark flood creeping under the door and across the boards? (Blood?—no, cocoa).

Was it to be stealthy footsteps creeping round the house at an unearthly hour? (Father returning from a convivial evening at the local).

Could it be that he should sit up in bed feeling phantom fingers at his throat? (An outsize spider).

Finally William decided that it should be an olla podrida of all these, seasoned with groans, creaking and muffled thuds, and that the grand anti-climax should be a mouse in a trap.

By this time William himself was thoroughly worked up. "By Jove, I must have a marvellous imagination," he said to himself, "I can almost hear these things."

Alas, for the fallacy of supposing that his article should run true to type. Just as mother said, "Can you hear anything, dear,"? the magazine article fluttered unheeded from his nervous grasp as a real, full-sized, burglar, complete with jemmy, revolver and black mask, threw open the door and confronted the cowering family within the room.

D. H. EADIE (Upp. V).

Bird song at dawn

As I stood in the orchard I glanced towards the east and detected a faint glimmer of light, and knew that dawn would soon break. It was my first night out in the tent, and I had not slept very well, so I got up to listen to the birds. When the sky began to brighten one or two birds commenced to twitter. This increased until the sounds appeared to come from every tree.

Suddenly, as if an unseen conductor had given a signal, the whole orchard was filled with the song of the birds; blackbirds, thrushes, robins and finches, all singing a different tune. I wonder if the numerous players in an orchestra decided to play their favourite tunes what the

noise would be like. These birds were doing exactly that and it all blended together.

As the light increased the volume of singing grew greater as each member of this unseen choir sang its song of joy at the approach of a new day. The very air appeared to vibrate as the singing rose to a crescendo. Then the unseen conductor must have once more given a signal. The singing stopped abruptly and silence reigned except for a cuckoo in a nearby elm tree.

In a few moments another sound filled the air, as the sun broke through, covering the landscape with its warmth. The larks rose from their nests on the ground, filling the sky with their lovely singing, as they soared higher and higher, until it seemed as if they were really "singing at Heaven's gate."

As I followed their return to earth with a view to finding their nests, there came into my line of vision a sight which horrified me. A blackbird, seeking food for its young, was being stealthily stalked by our neighbour's cat. My shout and the cat's spring seemed to coincide, but the blackbird managed to get away by the narrowest margin. The cat, in anger, jumped the fence and returned to its home, whilst the blackbird flew to his mate probably to tell her of his escape, and glad to have another chance to greet the dawn.

Although the sun was now shining brightly the cold nip in the air compelled me to return to my tent. With the song of the birds strong in my ears, I mentally repeated the following lines:—

The kiss of the sun for pardon
The song of the birds for mirth;
You are nearer to God in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

STONE (Low. Va).

Trabls with my "Seven"

Bought second-hand, my little Austin Seven was never very good at the best of times.

One day, having at last persuaded "Temperamental" as I dubbed her, to back out of the garage without finishing

up in next door's fish pond, I decided to go for a 'run,' hardly an apt term for my 10 m.p.h. car. Having travelled nearly a mile with nothing worse happening than the back window falling in from a collision with a sign-post, we came to a hill. And what a hill! Now for it, I thought, putting 'Tempo' into bottom gear. We were just about half-way up the hill and I was just congratulating myself on the achievement when phut! the engine had stopped. Then, as if in spite, the car began to back down the hill, gathering up speed as it went. Before I realised it I had been precipitated through the window and into a ditch as the car struck a telegraph pole.

When eventually I picked myself out of the ditch it was to see 'Tempo' vanish into a nearby pond.

Rather guiltily I turned my back on the pond and my ill-fated car and strode off in the opposite direction, hoping devoutly that the car would never be found and traced back to me.

JANET WICKWAR (Upper IVa).

A Walk in the Countryside

At this time of year there are many things to be noticed. Bird and animal life is developing among the woods and waterways. Last week as I walked along the banks of the river Avon, winding through meadows and copses, I saw a heron fishing. His reflection in the water was magnified, and very stately, though perhaps a little ungainly, he looked. I passed by under cover so as not to scare him and pursued my way along the river bank. Coming round a bend in the river, I saw a moorhen speeding along under the overhanging willows which bordered the river. The moorhen's beak stood out against the darker colours of the bird. I passed on quickly and soon I came to a comfortable grassy patch overlooking the river. I lay down on it and looked into the water. Small fish were darting to and fro, and every now and then a plop could be heard, as one of these little creatures jumped up out of the water.

Time was getting on, so I got up and walked back along the course I had previously taken. I did not see any bird

or animal life this time. The river was quiet except for the humming of dragonflies as they dived along the surface of the water. No moorhen or heron was to be seen anywhere. It does one good to watch nature as there are so many different things to see day by day.

MERYL TOLMAN (Upper IVa).

The Circus

Have you seen the circus that is down upon the green?
Red and yellow caravans the brightest ever seen,
Cages filled with animals, lions, tigers too,
Waiting for their performance, to show all they can do.

Have you seen the little girl riding on a pony?
Or the merry laughing clowns, Tom and John and Tony?
Have you heard the lions roar, heard the horses neigh?
Seen the folk so busy at the break of day?

MARGARET NORRIS (Lower IVb).

When the War is over

When the war is over,
What will the world be like?
When everyone can use their car,
There'll be no need to bike.
When we have bananas
And oranges to eat,
Instead of being normal food,
They will seem a treat.

When the war is over,
Our husbands and our sons,
Will come back from the battlefield,
To their beloved ones.
Many will have stories
Of brave and gallant deeds,
And of their faithful comrades,
Who helped them in their needs.

V. SHARP (Upper IVa).

In my garden

I have a little garden
 All of my own,
 Where marigolds and roses,
 And pink sweet peas are grown.

My roses are of red and white,
 I've lupins galore;
 With cornflowers blue and purple,
 And stocks by the score.

There's larkspur and delphiniums,
 And lovely picotees,
 But right down at the bottom,
 Are shady apple trees.

DIENA BROWNE (IIIb).

Dramatic Society

President: MR. CATON. Secretary: E. ROSE.

Treasurer: F. HARRISON.

Committee: MR. DRULLER, MISS MULLENS, MISS SECKER (co-opted),
 K. WILSON, N. BULLER, SHARP, CLARK.

This term we have been able to borrow copies of plays from the British Drama League, and have held two successful meetings, when we read "The Importance of being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, and "The Housemaster," by Ian Hay. We expect to hold meetings more frequently next term and we hope that the attendance of members will warrant this.

Scouts

This term I am glad to say has produced better results than for some time past. Very good work has been done in station work in signalling, and some Scouts show very good promise in this branch of scouting. All Scouts should try and realise the value of the work they put into their scouting as a decided help in many ways when they have left school. One scout has been awarded the full first-class badge and several of the patrol leaders have almost completed the tests for the same. Thus I hope to see in the near future some further additions to the "Kings" Scouts of the A.G.S. Troop.

E. S. WALKER S.M.

Cadets

The unit has followed the usual course of training this term. Two Cadets, Hancox and Steveni, were successful in passing Part I of the War Certificate A examination. There have been further lectures on the petrol engine and it is proposed to give opportunity for practical work to those Cadets who are most interested. There has been no local inspection of the unit this term; in future the whole Battalion is to be inspected at once. The inspection this year is to be held at Stratford-on-Avon in July. This unit intends to take part in the "Salute the Soldier" procession on July 15th. The annual camp, in August, is to be held at Sutton Park.

Lieutenant E. W. HADWEN.

Cricket

Captain: BURNS.

This year the Cricket XI has remained much the same as last year, only one member being lost. The team fielded a strong bowling side, and in the matches against Evesham a strong batting side was twice dismissed for a comparatively low score. The batting, however, has been rather poor, but it is hoped that there may be improvement in this respect later in the season. The fielding throughout has been very keen, and several good catches have been made. It is hoped that hard practice will enable us to win one or two matches later in the season.

RESULTS.

- A.G.S. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Away), Lost 54—55 for 1.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Home), Lost 40—105.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Away), Lost 28—80.
v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (Away), Lost 34—39.

Tennis

Captain: J. ALLEN.

The good standard of tennis has again been maintained this season. Although we lost some of last year's team the new one has settled down quite steadily, and with practice has produced some very encouraging results. The matches against the Convent have been very keenly played, and the results so close that we are having a final match to decide the winning team.

We have again this year been unable to play Bromsgrove owing to transport difficulties and also it has been impossible for us to play Redditch.

Following the second match against the Convent Betty Adams was awarded her tennis colours.

Towards the end of the term we are hoping to get a match for a second six. The representatives of the school this season have been:—B. Adams, A. Villers, J. Allen, J. Faulkner, Z. Mason, N. Nash, Z. Richardson.

RESULTS.

A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Away), Won 7 matches to 2, 61 games to 38.

v. Coughton Convent School (Home), Lost 3 matches to 6, 49 games to 50.

v. Coughton Convent School (Home), Won 5 matches to 4, lost 49 games to 50.

SIDES MATCHES: Tomtits 9 matches, Brownies 0; Jackals 3 matches, Brownies 6; Tomtits 8 matches, Jackals 1.

For the Juniors

A Chaffinch.

Every time my father goes out to garden a Chaffinch comes and sits on the hedge and starts singing. One day he went out to water his lettuces in the frame and to his surprise he found that the chaffinch was there too. My father started watering the lettuces; he found a big grub, so he picked it up and he was going to throw it to the chaffinch, when he found that the chaffinch had come and sat on his hand and had started eating the grub. My father called me and said, "Come and look at this chaffinch," but when I got there the chaffinch flew away without taking the grub with him, so my father said, "Go and hide!" I did this and I found that the chaffinch was there too. He flew back to my father and he ate the rest comfortably and I watched him.

C. BUCKLEY (Upper Remove).

A.J.S.

My Sailing Ship.

I made a model sailing ship.
With sails just like the sea.
I sent her out upon a lake,
And she came back to me.

J. FOLLOWS (Lower Rem.).

The Landing.

The convoy of landing craft came near the coast of France. Suddenly three enemy aircraft came out of the clouds. The destroyers opened up and one of the 'planes came down in flames. The other two 'planes flew away. At ten o'clock our troops landed.

D. EMERY (Lower Rem.)

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